olume VI Chicago, Ill., May, 1929 Number 2

# The Liberal

## HAPPINESS

To watch the corn grow, and the blossoms set, to draw hard breath over ploughshare and spade, to read, to think,, to love, to pray, these are the things that make men happy. John Ruskin.

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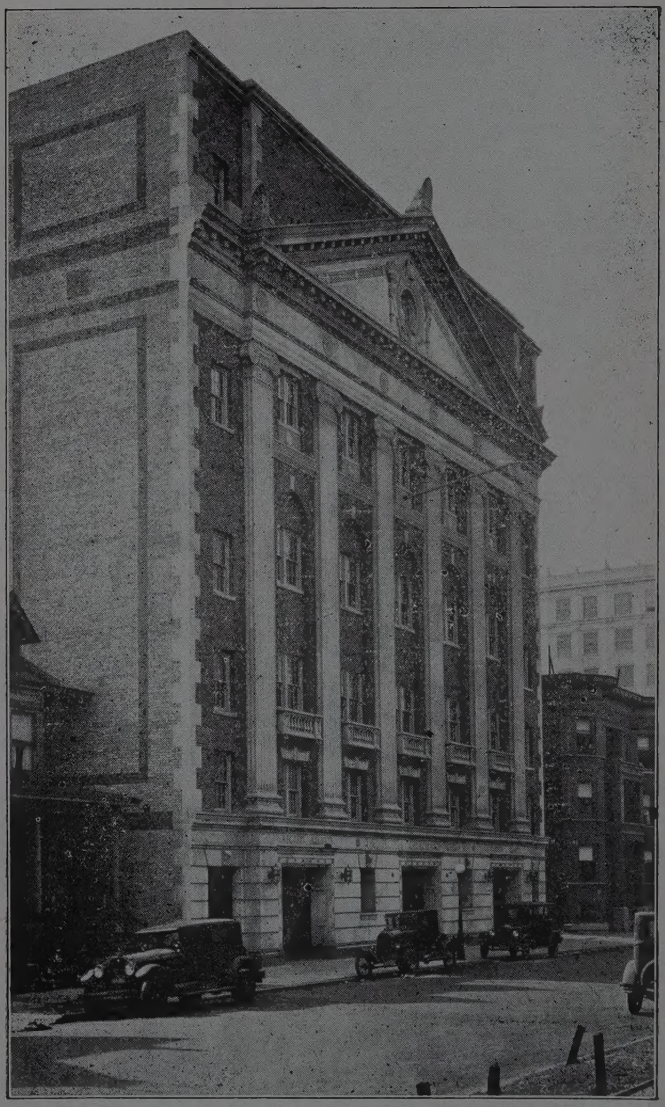

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

# THE LIBERAL

Preston Bradley ..... Editor

Grace Thayer Bradley ..... Associate Editor

Application made for Entry as Second Class Mail at the Post Office of Chicago, Ill.

Volume VI Chicago, Ill., May, 1929 Number 2

## *A TRIBUTE TO MOTHERS*

**Delivered on Mother's Day by Dr. Bradley Stenographically Reported**

It is always inadequate for me on this day to approach anywhere near, what in my own opinion, is a satisfactory sermon. Of all the sermons that I preach during the year, the one that constitutes for me the hardest and most difficult task is the sermon on Mother's Day.

I think its intimacy is one of the reasons. This theme has about it the delicate and refined qualities of intimacy, and in the very highest sense it ought not to be talked about at all. No man ever ought to discuss mother love. There isn't any possibility, no matter how remote, of meeting its adequate requirements for artistry of presentation, for analysis, or for any capacity of penetration to its deepest significance. What can one mind, one heart, do with a theme like this?

It was a great idea that Miss Anna Jarvis in Pennsylvania had about eighteen years ago, when as a tribute to her mother, a relationship that had been particularly intimate and close, she conceived the idea of honoring her own mother, and at the same time making it possible to honor all the mothers by a day that would be set apart for that expression.

It was not until 1912, seventeen years ago, that the Saturday preceding Mother's Sunday, the United States Government officially designated Mother's Day as the day when the American flag should be displayed upon all public buildings, upon all institutions under Federal control. And that Saturday evening there went a cable under the sea to every embassy and consulate of the United States Government that on Mother's Day the American flag should be displayed in foreign parts out of honor and respect to mothers. It was then that the international character of Mother's Day was assumed, until today the day is observed in practically every civilized country.

An interesting thing in the connection with the observance is to be found in this: That it is not Mothers' Day M o t h e r s' Day —which gives it the possessive. plural. It is not a day of Mothers', a plural expression, but the legal and technical designation of the day is Mother's M o t h e r 's Day—which makes it Mother's Day, and is the possessive singular which gives the day the significance of belonging to the memory of my mother and to the memory of your mother. It is a day of singular possessive, and consequently because of that it is increasingly hazardous for any individual to attempt an analysis of the great theme of Mother Love.

Poets have stumbled over it. There has never yet in the poetic literature been a single poet in the literature of all the nations that has ever adequately incarnated the immense beauty of

Mother Love. The dramatists have tried it, and it was inadequately expressed. The great artists have more nearly approached an adequate presentation than has music or drama. It has inspired the creative genius of the painter as no other theme, and to stand before the motherhood portrayal of Rembrandt, of Leonardo da Vinci, these great masters, intellectual and artistic giants of crystallization, is to stand before the climax of their art, and yet it is not exhausted.

There are two ways of approaching this question and this tribute. One is in the realm of pure sentimentality. It is easier to be cheaply sentimental about Mother Love than any other love in the world. Just cheaply sentimental—easier to have our emotions played upon while our tears become moistened for a few moments and then go on to life, to stand against everything our mothers stood for. I have seen men and women copiously weep over the memory of mother and dry their tears, while they go back again to life's expressions that pay no honor or no tribute to their mothers.

Tears are always admirable. I have a suspicion of the man or woman who knows not the baptism of tears. Any man or any woman who is so hardened by the materialistic school masters of a mechanistic age that they school themselves against the fine sentiments of life are men and women that have not touched life and its beauty. Do not think that I underestimate the importance of tears, but the point I am trying to make is this: That the highest tribute that we can give to our mothers, greater than any tribute of tears, than sentimentality of expression of transitory emotion, the highest tribute which a man or a woman can pay to their mother is the tribute of carrying out in life those standards of honor and character that constituted the dream life of the mother we honor. That is a tribute that is significant.

It is interesting as we look at the great progression of civilization to see the modifications which have come into society in the relationships and influences of that institution which we call the home. One of the most startling things to me in my study of the great historical movements of civilization was the discovery of the belated place which the home occupied in the life of the race. These things are most interesting from a standpoint of comparison and from a historical point of view.

There was a time in the highest period of culture, that period designated by the age of Pericles and of Phidias, the greatest sculptor the world has ever produced, who has been able to teach sculptors from that time until the present—the age of Pericles, of Socrates, of Plato—an age when great culture and great education stood at its highest expression that the home was insignificant: This was an age when the Greek home was in a period of decay and was of little consequence in the educational and cultural life of the people, and one can trace directly the decadency of that early climax of civilization to the decadency of the values involved in maintaining the influences of the home upon civilization.

I know there are three themes that scholars and well-trained minds repudiate as being almost "bosh." And if you want to say something particularly of a "smart aleck" nature, we flippantly use that phrase, "Mother, Home and Heaven," and almost flippantly these three things are passed from lip to lip in times of grave expression. And I know that by this somewhat conservative approach on this Mother's Day I may be making myself liable to the criticism of a lot of people who are afraid of sentiment.

Now there is a difference between sentiment and sentimentality. Sntimentality is one thing; sentiment is quite another. And

the refinements of emotions which come from the highest expressions of emotional disturbances are never mere sentimentality. It is always sentiment. So when I emphasize today, as I will, the importance of this institution called the home, it sounds platitudinous and bromidic, but, my friends, there is iron in it. There is iron in it! For in spite of all modern thought processes, in spite of all the social scientists are telling us, in spite of all the collective attitude of institutionalism, in spite of all the paternalistic processes that are developing in our modern life, in spite of all the consistent and persistent effort that is being made to delegate the responsibilities of parental discipline, in spite of all the modern attitudes of social and scientific and political values, you will come back, you will be forced back, you will be compelled sooner or later to recognize this fundamental verdict of human history: That no civilization is any more secure than its homes. That is where you will have to come, and that may have within it elements that are not novel, but it has within it fundamental truths.

You will remember those great movements of communal interest in classical antiquity. A hundred thousand Athenians obeyed the marching orders to Diana of Ephesus. And at the time when the temple, the cathedral, the forum, the communal places were at their best the home was at its worst. There was no fireside; they cooked in the communal kitchen. The whole communal idea settled down upon that branch of culture, and yet when we find the rebirth and renaissance of a new day, where do we find it? We find it in the rebirth of the home, for it was the integrity and the greatness of the home that produced the leadership that competently could master the intricate pressure of civilization and its problems.

Scientists are agreed that there never has been a great man that did not have a great mother. Not great from the standpoint of achievements that are considered great by so much of our shallow judgement, but that every mother of every great man could be analyzed as to certain fundamental virtues and underneath all of the incapacities of that mother brain or heart, perhaps nothing more than what could be more than plain devotion to duty, and yet that mother heart and that mother life had qualities of elemental greatness that gave expression in the life and character of her son.

Thomas Carlyle was but the echo of his Scotch mother. Arthur Hallam, in whom the literature of seven generations resounded, his mother. Whistler, his mother. While the most classic example of all is the example perhaps of that integrity of the mother, the basic fundamental structure upon which civilization could build the personality of Abraham Lincoln.

So we come to this great crisis of modern life. Someone said to me the other day, "Dr. Bradley, what do you think about new-fashioned mothers?" I didn't know there was any such thing as a new-fashioned mother. There may be new-fashioned technique by which Mother Love is displayed. There may be new-fashioned attitudes in the home in its relationship to society, but there isn't, after all, any such thing as a new-fashioned mother. They do not exist. For Mother Love, elemental, basic, fundamental expression of the cosmos, knows no variance; it knows no change. But you noticed I said it must be elemental. So we are in all sorts of problems now, aren't we? Problems that are giving great concern to all of us, the problems that are disturbing us.

I think of the dreams of the mothers of these young men here today. I think of the worries of some of those mothers. I think of anxious hours and more anxious nights when they are wondering, wondering because a spirit of de-

legated paternalism is taking place.

More and more are parents attempting to place the responsibility for moral collapse of their own offspring upon some institution in human society. They are blaming the schools. They are blaming the churches. They are blaming modern religion. They are blaming everything and every body for conditions that only the home can control. That is the spirit of modern life. Every day they come to me and say, "Well, what about this; what about that? What about the schools? What about the churches? What about this; what about that; what about the other?" Well, what about it? There is only one "what about it" that is final, and that is: What about your own home? What about your own home?

I had a father come to me the other day and this father was in a spirit of turmoil such as I have rarely seen. His son was taken in a raid which was made upon a certain place where gambling was involved. This father came to me and wanted to know what could be done about it, and he was heart-broken and was anxious about it. I wanted to tell that father, but I didn't. I wanted to tell him that I happened to know that he has a habit of entertaining some of his own friends at a poker game in his own home on Saturday nights. And he was worried because his boy had been taken in a raid.

Some of you won't like that remark I made, but that is true. You will not forget it. And on this same problem of drinking in our modern life. It happens almost every day until I get weary of parents coming to me worrying about their young people drinking. I had a mother come to me the other day about her daughter, and yet I know that mother makes a business of serving cocktails in her own home.

That isn't the thing that most of you expected, is it? But it is the thing that is good for you. That is the thing that is important. If we are going to clean up this situation it must start with the fathers and the mothers. I am not worried about the young people at all. The thing I am surprised at is that they are as good as they are. I am really surprised that they are doing as finely as they are with the things with which they have to do.

I am not worried about you young men and you young people of this city. I am not afraid of you. I know your troubles and your struggles and your worries. I know them well. I have gone thru them. I am speaking from experience. Do you know what concerns me? The thing that I am concerned about this morning is I am worried for you, not about you. For you, not about you.

It never was so easy in all the history of civilization, never was so easy, to go wrong, to be wrong. It never was as easy as it is today. That is why I am worried for you. We live in an age that winks, not in an age that protests. And it never was as easy for you to fail and to go to pieces, and to rot your bodies and pollute your blood streams; it never was as easy to make a mess of your lives as it is today. And your mothers know that, and that is why on this sacred day there should be a rededication to the persistency to go right.

Don't you see the tragedy all about you? Don't you see the weak, emaciated bodies? Don't you see the dull eyes? Don't you see the fleeting glances? Don't you see what life is doing? Can't you see what it means to fail? There is no greater tribute to your mother than the tribute of going straight and fine and clean and strong out into this experience which we call life. And I maintain the church can't do that for you. I maintain the school can't do that for you. I maintain that no one can do that for you. It is going to be worked out of the environment of your own home influences and there it must live.

I wish somebody some day would write a history on home. It has never been done. We have a history on literature; we have a history on philosophy; we have a history on art; we have a history on government; and we have a history on education. Nobody has ever written a history on the home. It has never been done.

Do you remember John Galsworthy's "The White Monkey?" Do you remember the picture which was purchased for Fleur Forsyte that was done by an artist friend of hers? Do you remember the picture of the white monkey standing there holding the rind of an orange from which had been squeezed all the juice, and Fleur Forsyte, who is to marry Michael Mont, stood before that picture one day, and with the superb quality of literary excellence of John Galsworthy, we hear her say, "Life is like that—an orange, squeeze the juice out of it and throw the rind away." And later Fleur Forsyte married Michael Mont. And one day he paces the floor outside of a room and through the door there comes the agonizing cry of a woman in travail. A soul is being born. And Michael Mont replies in his own sorrow and suffering and anxiety, "Anything that costs as much as that must be valuable."

The first thing that life impresses me with, young gentlemen, is that it costs much. You were bought with a great price.

Mother's Day was the last day my own mother ever lived, and I think of her this morning, sleeping these sixteen years in that little cemetery overlooking the valley of the Shiawasse. I visualize my father and my sister and my relatives sitting at this moment as they are around the loud speaker in our little home over in Michigan, and as I stand here I am impressed as never before with the fact that my life cost something.

Down, down, down until the chilled waters bathe the body, hovered for a moment, that out from under her heart she could give to the world a baby. A little baby. That's what life costs! It costs someone something, something for me, for you; and the only note of grief which I had when we dedicated this church three years ago was that I could not have her here. Oh, the pang of disappointment that comes to a man when he can't share his success with his mother! To share with your mother, that is happiness! That is the greatest happiness in the world!

And when I stood in this pulpit and I looked down in the first four or five rows of this church and I wanted to see her. She was not there. Do you think I preached to anybody else from this pulpit that morning? Do you think that I was preaching to anyone else that was here? I was just talking to one heart, a heart that knew, and my own heart was almost bursting with pride that I had tried at any rate to be something for her.

That is all there is to life, young gentlemen. Don't think it is fame. Don't think it is fame. The most empty thing in the world is fame. Why, you people are all here this morning by the hundreds. Do you know you may be just as apt to curse and to hiss me? I know what fame is. It is nothing. Money? Don't think it is money, young men. It isn't money. Some of the most miserable wretched hearts that I know in Chicago today are people with money. Don't think it is money.

I will tell you what the thing is that makes life significant. The only thing that I know: Seeing your dreams come true in the work you love to do. That is life. That is the most beautiful aspect of life in all of its charm.

So finally and lastly. Our mothers, your mothers, my mother—I must close as I began, in the intimacy of the thought. What a refuge home is, isn't it? What a refuge the arms of a mother! One of the greatest preachers that ever stood in a Chicago pulpit, Dr. Gunsaulus, on the Saturday before the Wednesday that he

died, I was with him at the Art Institute and Dr. Gunsaulus put his arms around my shoulder and he said, "My boy—." I said to him, "Doctor, you look a little weary." "Weary, weary, nothing but weariness," he said. "Oh," I said, "you will feel better. It will soon be spring." And do you know what that great pulpiteer told me? — that man, who for years stood in the great auditorium downtown and spoke to thousands—do you know what he told me? Mists came to his eyes and he said, "Bradley, don't think that I am getting childish. I want to go to the arms of my mother." And on Wednesday he was gone. They called me and said, "Dr. Gunsaulus is dead." What a refuge!

Young men, listening or present, don't you let this day pass by without getting in touch with your mother. You can go from this service and call her by long distance; send her a telegram, to that mother of yours.

There is a young man today in this city, who is breaking the heart of his mother. She came to this platform a little before I began this service and she said, "Why doesn't he come to me? And if he doesn't come to me today, I have failed. I know that I failed as a mother." That touched me. Don't let this day go by. How can you let it go by without getting in touch with your mother?

There are some here today who are wearing white carnations for the first time and you know what I mean, the refuge of a home. There is not any more happiness in the world, my friends, than when you have been out in the world and when you have seen disillusionments and hypocrisy and the two-faced iniquity of friends; when you have been double crossed in the game of life and you feel the hypocrisy of it and your heart is burdened, and you are tired and you are weary; the joy of going home, opening the door, shutting it from the inside, shutting a world of strife out and a world of love in—that's home! It is the one place that you can't come, Mr. Hypocrite. It is the one place where you who hurt and jar and scar and tear life can't come—hear me! Home—that is the refuge—home!

We elected a Senator in the state of Illinois at the time the legislature elected the United States Senators. There were some alleged irregularities in that election. That gentleman went down to the United States Senate and was repudiated by the committee on elections and was refused his seat in the Senate. He failed to be seated in the United States Senate. But that man stood up, when the Senate said, "You can not stay here"—that man stood up and he said, "Well, there is one place where I can go and they will be glad to see me come. I can go home." That man's home life was pure and undefiled and spotless. There was the refuge of home.

Nathaniel Hawthorne lost his position as a government employee and went home after he lost it to his wife, and walked into the house and said to his wife, "I have lost my position; we are ruined." And his wife, instead of having irrational hysterics — I do not object to hysterics if they are rational, but there are a lot of women who have irrational hysterics, and when a man is absolutely starving and hungry for sympathy and love and someone to know him, they get hysterical, and they say, "It is no good. We are gone; we are ruined." If women only knew that all men have within them not only the ideal of a wife, but every man never loses the ideal of being mothered once in a while. Men never grow up; they are always boys, and a lot of happy homes are broken up on that score, a lot of them.

And so Mrs. Hawthorne, instead of becoming irrational, she simply did what? She went and got the pencil and paper and put them down on Nathaniel Hawthorne's desk. Do you know what she said? "Now, Nathaniel, you

can write that book you have wanted to write," and Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote the greatest novel ever written in America, "The Scarlet Letter."

Wendell Phillips told Dr. Gunsaulus, when he came into his study one day and showed him a little crumpled piece of paper and Dr. Gunsaulus asked, "Phillips, what is that?" He said, "That is the thing that made the Faneuil Hall speech." "That is certainly too splendid to lose," said Dr. Gunsaulus, "what is the story?"

Wendell Phillips at a time when it was not popular to be an abolitionist—I like people who are for doing things when it is unpopular for them to do them, and not people who get on the band wagon when it is a popular affair. The world is full of people who have no difficulty in shouting, "Hurrah! I told you so!" I like the type of people who espouse a thing because it is right and never care whether it is popular or unpopular.

Young men, take this as part of advice to you this morning. You don't want advice; I know that. And you won't believe it; I know that. But I like to burn this into your hearts. Do you want to do a big thing in the world? Take your line, for instance, electricity. What does the world know about electronic energy? Nothing. What are you doing? Practicing with hypotheses. What is the most difficult task in your profession? What is the thing that they are saying over at Coyne Electrical School can't be done with electricity? You find out what that thing is and you devote your life to it and do it! That is what I mean! They will call you crazy. They will probably say that you are a radical. What do you care what they say? Why do you even consider what they say? Isn't there something to be done? Well, then, go and do it! That is the advice for young people today, and that is why I love the young people. They just go right on doing it without our advice. That is just exactly what they are doing.

And Wendell Phillips was an abolitionist when it meant something to be an abolitionist. He went down to the city of Boston in Faneuil Hall to the meeting, and there were brickbats and unpopularity and everything else. What do you suppose happened? A Note was written and it was handed to Wendell Phillips as he went to the platform, and Wendell Phillips took his seat on the platform and opened up the note and this is what he read: "Wendell, no shilly-shallying now," and signed by Mrs. Phillips.

No shilly-shallying now, my friends. That is the thing that I like in life. So young men and young women, as honor and as credit to your mothers, no shilly-shallying now. Go out into life. Play it; fight it. Set your ideals high and go marching up and out and on, and the end will bring you out all right.

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## *BOOK CHATS*

A $10,000 first novel prize contest is announced by Longmans, Green & Co., open also to any author who has never published a novel which has sold more than 5,000 copies. The first prize is $7,500, of which $2,500 is an outright prize independent of royalties, while the remaining $5,000 is an advance payment on the royalty account. In case the first prize is won by an author who has had a previous novel published, there will be a second prize of $2,500 for a first novel. This second prize will not be awarded if the first prize is won by a first novel. If it is awarded, it will be an advance on account of royalties. All manuscripts must be submitted under pen names to Longmans, Green & Co., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City, before Dec. 1, 1929. Requests for further

information should be sent to the same address. The names of the judges in this contest will be announced later.

Thames Williamson's new novel, "Hunky," which Coward-McCann will publish July 1, is the story of an immigrant, a big, slow, patient man of the peasant type, who but dimly apprehends the spirit of America. Contrasted with him is another, quicker-witted alien who knows how to make the most of his new surroundings. This book is the July selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

The $25,000 prize offered by Houghton Mifflin Company and The American Legion Monthly for the best war novel has been divided equally between Mary Lee of Westport, N. Y., and William T. Scanlon of Fontana, Wis. Miss Lee's novel, "It's a Great War," presents a panoramic picture of war behind the lines, while Mr. Scanlon's "God Have Mercy on Us," describes life at the front. Miss Lee is a Phi Beta Kappa graduate of Radcliffe; Mr. Scanlon a former stockyard laborer in Chicago.

James Stuart Montgomery's second novel, "The Virtue of This Jest," which Greenberg will publish July 25, is the July selection of the Book League of America. His first novel, "Tall Men," published two years ago, was a selection of the Literary Guild. It is safe to say that Mr. Montgomery is not likely to join the crusade against book clubs.

The Harbor Press, 142 East Thirty-second Street, New York City, announces the publication of Robert Frost's first play, a one-act drama of New England life entitled "A Way Out." The issue is limited to 485 numbered and autographed copies.

The future activities of the American Educational Press, according to a statement by Irving Jay Rogers, its editor and publisher, will chiefly consist in the publishing of booklets along educational and constructive lines written by leaders in the industrial and professional worlds. Two such booklets have already been issued: "George Westinghouse," by Francis H. Shepard; and "Public Service," by Roger Babson, E. M. Herr, Matthew S. Sloan, George B. Cortelyou, Professor Irving Fisher and Thomas N. McCarter, with an introduction by William Butterworth, president of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States. A forthcoming booklet is "The Easiest Road," by Edward W. Bok, with an introduction by Andrew S. Mellon.

Al Smith, as almost everybody knows, has been writing his autobiography and the book is promised by the Viking Press for publication in October. The title of the book will be "Up to Now."

Brand Whitlock is making the final corrections of the proofs of his two-volume biography of Lafayette, which D. Appleton & Co., will publish early in the Fall.

A dramatic version of O. E. Rolvaag's "Giants in the Earth" is announced for publication July 3 by Harper & Bros. On the same date Harper's will bring out a new mystery story, "The Purple Sickle Murders," by Freeman Wills Crofts.

Among the Fall books of Houghton Mifflin Company will be "The History of Playing Cards," by Catherine P. Hargreave, illustrated from the largest collection in the world, in possession of the United States Card Company of Cincinnati.

A rumor has been current to the effect that the real name of Erich Maria Remarque, author of "All Quiet on the Western Front," is "Kramer." G. P. Putnam's Sons, the London publishers of the book, have informed

Little, Brown & Co., the American publishers, that there is no truth in this rumor. The name "Remarque" is originally French, and in Germany it is sometimes spelled with a "k," "Remark." Spelled backward, this would be "Kramer," but Mr. Remarque does not spell it backward.

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Jim Tully, author of "Jarnegan," "Circus Parade," etc., has sailed for Europe to collect material for a new book. He will visit famous historical places, interview leading political and literary figures and put his impressions into a book to be called "Beggars in Europe." This is Mr. Tully's first visit to Europe. He is especially interested in visiting Ireland, the country of his ancestors. His book will be published in the Fall by Doubleday, Doran & Co.

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Dorothy Canfield Fisher, May Lamberton Becker and Padraic Colum, judges in the Longmans, Green & Co., Juvenile Fiction Contest, have awarded the $2,000 prize to Charles Joseph Finger for his book "Courageous Companions," the story of a young English lad who sailed with Magellan on the first trip around the world.

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Among the Fall publications of the Princeton University Press will be a facsimile reproduction of the first authoritative, or 1729, edition of Pope's "Dunciad," with an introduction and critical notes and commentary by Professor Robert Kilburn Root of Princeton. This new bicentennial edition will be limited to five hundred copies.

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The F. W. Faxon Company, Boston publishers, have in preparation a book which touches upon a new field in Colonial history, picturing the life of fishermen, traders and planters along the New England coast before the settlement of Boston. The title of the book is "The Real Founders of New England" and the author is Charles K. Bolton.

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The first selections of the Junior Literary Guild are, for boys and girls of from 8 to 12 years of age: "The Bastable Children," by E. Nesbitt, published by Coward-McCann; for girls of 12 to 16, "The Beckoning Road," by Carolyn Dale Snedecker, published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., and for boys of the same age, "The Red Prior's Legacy," by Alfred H. Hill, published by Longmans, Green & Co. "The Bastable Children" was first published twenty-five years ago in England, where it is as well known as "Little Women" in this country.

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Slater Brown's translation of the Goncourt Prize novel, "A Man Scans His Past," by M. Maurice Constantin-Weyer, will be published June 25 by the Macaulay Company. The story is based on the author's experiences in the Canadian Northwest, where he settled in 1901 at the age of 20. He remained in Canada until the outbreak of the war, when he took up arms for his country. He won citations for bravery and three wounds. Coming back to Canada, he found his ranch buildings dismantled and the land invaded by squatters. Having neither the means nor the energy to fight a legal battle for his rights, he returned to France and his first love—writing.

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Dodd, Mead & Co.'s Third Prize Novel Contest for the best first novel submitted by an American or Canadian author will close Dec. 1, 1929. A guarantee of $5,000 in addition to subsequent royalties, dramatic and serial rights will be given the winner. The winners of the first two contests of this sort sponsored by Dodd, Mead & Co., were Martha Ostenso, with "Wild Geese," and Mateel Howe Farnham, with "Rebellion."

—P. B.

# *MEDITATION*

**Given Mother's Day By Dr. Bradley in The Peoples Church**

Infinite and Eternal Love, this and this alone circumscribes our feelings today. We meet in the honor and memory of our mothers and identified with that is love, the finest and purest type of love the world has ever experienced. We would have today that our tribute be a tribute of silence rather than an effort to express its depth.

We are dealing with the incomprehensible today. We are trying to give expression to that which can not be made articulate. We are trying to put into song and poetry and music and prayer that which only the heart can feel, and so with our incompetency and inadequacy to express that which we feel, may our own appreciation of that love find its highest expression in the efforts and the ideals we are trying to maintain.

For the mothers of all the world we have love and prayer this morning. Mothers that have been disillusioned and disheartened and broken, particularly that anxious and lonely mother who just a few moments ago came to us and asked us in this prayer and out over this radio, that that boy if he doesn't come home today and doesn't write today, and doesn't get in touch with that mother today of all days, that she shall know she has failed as a mother. Oh, may there not be any mother failures today!

May every heart and every life that is in touch with the beauty of this service be impelled by a mighty motivation to seek the first opportunity to get in touch with mother, if it is at all possible, and may they whisper into her ears words of love and praises and adoration that have been dormant for all these months.

May it be a day of consecration, a day of dedication, and to the mothers of these hundreds of students who are here today from all over this great republic, from the far-off places of the sea, whose homes are represented in this audience this morning, and wherever those influences go, may the spirit of love and of peace be the result of the abiding presence, and may the dreams of these mothers—to see her boy and her daughter be something really significant in the world all come true. Not frittering away life with meaningless commonplaces of existence, or finding pleasures in the temporary transitory expressions of the moment that wither and die and fade, and leave nothing but the brutalities of memories, but in trying to be fine, to make some contribution to the progress of mankind.

Might young people everywhere from the inspiration of this service reconsecrate and rededicate their lives to the power and the beauty that goes with the achievements that are worthwhile.

And, now, to every mother, our love. If this message is going to some who are ill and some who are unusually sad today, Gentle Spirit of Love, teach us how to say the word; teach us just the right thought; give us just the right approach today that shall make this day the most hallowed and beautiful day in all of our lives.

## A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR

Dr. L. P. Jacks, Principal of Manchester College, Oxford, England was a Chicago visitor on April 13 and 14. On the morning of the 13th Dr. Jacks addressed a meeting at Northwestern University under the auspices of the American Library Association. At noon of the same day he was the guest of honor at a luncheon in the Union League Club.

Sunday afternoon he spent with Dr. Bradley in a trip about the city. At 4:30 he attended a meeting of the Sunday afternoon Discussion Group in the Peoples Church. Here he spoke briefly and left a profound impression on the meeting. Dr. Jacks was greatly impressed with the auditorium of the church. He stood some moments in the pulpit and as he left it remarked, "I have now stood in the pulpit of the largest Unitarian Church on earth." During his time with Dr. Bradley the latter attempted to return the fine hospitality which he and Mrs. Bradley had enjoyed as guests of Dr. Jacks on their visit to his home in Oxford. Dr. Jacks is one of the great scholars of the world and is known everywhere for his work as editor of the Hibbert Journal. The Peoples Church and its pastor were very much honored by his visit.

## WHEN I PLANTED MY PANSIES

**By Grace Thayer Bradley**

There are days that stand out vividly in our memories, highlights on treasured yesterdays, the highlights in pictures of our heart's storehouse that we love to dwell upon in the reminiscent tomorrows.

Such a day it was when I planted my Pansies.

May has not been like we expect this Spring month to be. There has been raw wind and overcast skies for the most part, with very little warmth to the sparse sunshine.

Turning away from the City,—longing for Spring and the out-of-doors, I journeyed to our little Island on the bosom of an inland sea, thinking to find, really did I think—I would find spring farther advanced than it had been nearly seven hundred miles south? Did I think it would be the veritable Arcady I ever hold it in my thoughts to be? At any rate—I came well supplied with many fascinating little packets of flower seeds and two boxes of pansies already in bloom. I had come to make my garden!

When I arrived I beheld the birches and poplars, and all trees not numbered with the pines and firs, with just the faintest hint of green buds on their bare boughs. And a lovely mauve and green veil enfolded the other islands, the mainland and distant hills, hovering over the treetops like the shimmering green of a rainbow about to fasten on to the branches and take form in fresh young leaves! Obviously Spring was only awakening here.

I felt anxious about my pansies and kept them in the house.

For a few days I could only turn the earth in the gardens, and turn it again, so that the sunshine might get into it, for it was too cold for seeds to be planted. But oh! the joy of it—and the sweet scent of the soil as I turned and raked and pulverized it! Warmer and warmer the air became, this pure, clear, invigorating air of the north woods! Oh! to know the aromatic breath of the pine and balsam in the spring when every sprig is tipped with fresh growth, looking like bright green Christmas candles ready to be lighted.

Each day I could see the trees on the Island and those of the shoreline and hills all around growing greener,—even hourly they seemed to change. How strangely subtle and elusive Nature is, and what glorious surprises she bestows!

Overnight while I slept all the tree fairies floated down in the moonlight. In the morning I

looked out upon a world in all the loveliness of Spring! Everything gloriously fresh — every scent powerful. In this month one's senses are captivated by fragrance wafted by every vagrant wind that blows! An indescribable sweetness was rising from the ground. I could smell it — feel it—see it—ah! today I would plant my flower seeds—and my pansies!

Stepping forth from the porch my step and my gaze were arrested by a picture of such marvelous beauty no words can frame it! The wild cherry trees were covered with white blossoms like snow on their branches, the Indian Plum trees were a mass of dainty bloom like white lilacs, the dogwood was in flower, and the ground was white in places with patches of blueberry blossoms! Who knows the hour the first bud opens? No artist can put on canvas such color or depict the misty sheen of loveliness swaying in the sunshine of such a day! Of such a day poets dream—of such fabric poems are made, but they can not be permeated by the perfume which I breathed when kneeling on the soft upturned earth I planted my flower seeds! Perhaps music comes near to expressing the ecstacy of a day in Spring, but no symphony ever touched the cheek and filled the lungs with the soft breath of a May day! As I drank in the pure beauty of the scene surrounding me and listened, it seemed to me only the birds could give expression to such feelings of joy, and they were singing from every tree and bush; the waves ruffled by a gentle wind joined in the chorus —what an anthem! God's own choir—the birds—the waves — the soft wind on the pinetops—all singing glory and praise to the Creator of such a beautiful world!

Such a day it was when I planted my pansies!

## ECSTACY

In the pages of The Inquirer recently there has been some discussion of depression. The cure is work and activity; and, for the sake of ourselves and others, to behave as though we possessed the courage and cheerfulness we lack for the time being. Then, "clinging Heaven by the hems," we may await our return to health with patience.

But what of ecstasy?

Is it "a morbid state of the nerves"? To some it is nothing less than a divine revelation.

If depression is unutterable woe, ecstasy is unutterable joy. When depressed we seem bereft of the love of God and man, with ecstasy we seem blest beyond our greatest expectations or deserts.

Whence comes ecstasy?

We may have the experience when working or when walking; in the city on a grey day in November, or in the country on a bright day in June. Music, the language of the spirit, may speak to us the mysterious yet authentic word. Anywhere, and anyhow, these intimations of unspeakable beauty may come to us suddenly and as quickly go; but their memory may remain, as of a real experience, for years. Depression is a state of negation; nothing is worth while, and life is not worth living. Ecstasy is a state of affirmation. It is the "Everlasting Yea" to the highest hopes and aspirations of mankind.

M. R.

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Everyone interested in the aims and work of the church is invited to make a regular subscription to its support. Such subscriptions may be paid on a weekly, monthly, quarterly, semi-annual or annual payments system, in accordance with the convenience of each individual. Application for subscription blanks or weekly envelopes may be made in the church office. The church office is open every day during business hours.

## COCKCROW

The stars are gone out spark by spark;
A cock crows; up the cloudy lane,
A cart toils creaking through the dark:
Lord, in thy sight all roads are plain,
Or run they up or down,
Sheep-tracks, highways to town,
Or even that little one,
Beneath the hedge, where seldom falls the sun.

If it were light, I would go west;
I would go east across the land;
But it is dark; I needs must rest
Till morn breaks forth on every hand:
Lord, choose for me,
The road that runs to Thee.

—Lizette Woodworth Reese.

## GOOD ADVICE

The following is an extract of an address given by Dr. John Hutton, editor of the British Weekly, when his young friend, the Rev. Edward T. Vernon, was made pastor of a United Free Church in Glasgow, Scotland.

"To you, members of this congregation, I have but a word to say.

I would say to your minister, "Be strict with yourself." To you I would say, "Be kind to him." Kindness, after all, is the great cause of God in this world, and a Church is not a Church which is not full of it. Show him kindness for his sake indeed, but for your own also.

It is easy for any discerning person coming into a church to detect in the very tones of a minister's voice on what terms he stands with his people. If a minister is working against unfriendliness or suspicion, his voice is apt to harden; he is apt to lose a certain grace and Gospel from his speech and to fall to the level at best of an angry and ill-fated prophet—which is only a small part of his business. But kindness round about a good man brings into his preaching a wonderful power to touch hearts, for it opens his own heart. It steeps all that he says to his people in a kind of confessional quality; and this is my own view and experience alone makes our words a channel for the Holy Ghost. Kindness round about a minister will make him much more than a prophet—a prophet who will hurl words at you, all of them true indeed, but words which he scarcely expects you to act upon. He will deal with you with that tenderness and fidelity which a good man will always use towards those who are really dear to him.

I am sure a new beginning such as this, both for him and for you, may be a good and happy time; and the thrill and joy and invitation of it need never pass away."

## GOOD MORNING!

The street looked long and bare and cold,
Its houses small and mean and old,
No light on my path was shining.
When, suddenly out of the rain and mist
As flowers hold up their heads, sun-kissed
At dawning,
A face, for an instant, beamed, kind-eyed,
A hand stretched out, a gay voice cried,
"Good morning!"
Ah! could you guess, you beautiful voice,
How you made a heavy heart rejoice,
That morning.
I lifted my gaze from the dingy street,
And cheer and gratitude winging my feet,
Sped homeward.
A rift in the clouds let the sun shine through
Disclosing the depth of a boundless blue,
Within my gate some snowdrops grew,
Ah!—joy and beauty are born anew
At dawning.
What the gay voice cried was splendidly true
Just as true for me, as it is for you—
"Good morning." H. Clara Buck.

## *DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES OF THE PEOPLES CHURCH*

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

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### REGULAR EVENTS

**School of Religious Education** . . Sundays, 9:30 a. m., Channing Hall.
**Woman's Club**—Every Monday.
**Men's Forum**—Second Monday evenings, Channing Hall.
**Young People's Club**—1st and 3rd Tuesday evenings in Channing Hall.
**Church Trustees Meeting**—Second Monday evenings.

## CHURCH NEWS

May was a very delightful month in the church. Large congregations responded most encouragingly to the work of the pulpit and choir. Many were turned away on Mother's Day and Memorial Sunday will never be forgotten.

At the Mother's Day service 600 students of the Coyne Electrical School attended in a body coming to the Wilson Ave., station in a special train, they marched two abreast from the station to the church. The sermon delivered by Dr. Bradley is published in this issue of The Liberal.

On Memorial Sunday members of the Lake View Post, Maywood Post, Ill., Telephone Post, Portage Park Post, American Legion, U. S. Grant Post and Columbia Post, G. A. R., and members of the Over Sea's Nurses Association all attended in a body. Capt. Cummings for the 15th consecutive Memorial Sunday read Lincoln's Gettysburg address from the pulpit. Members of the Bugle Corps of Bell Post sounded Taps from the platform at the close of the service. It was the finest memorial service ever held by the Church.

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The following new members were publicly received into the church on the first Sunday in May:

Miss Irene Burnell, 3034 North Halsted Street

Miss Louise Byron, 2054 North Racine Avenue

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Edwards, 1315 Seward Street, Evanston, Illinois

Mr. Thomas Fairbairn, Streator, Illinois

Mr. and Mrs. W. Johansen, 4819 North Lincoln Street

Mr. and Mrs. Archie F. McKnight, 4445½ North Robey Street

Miss Florence J. Peters, 3831 North Paulina Street

Dr. R. A. Weinrich, 915 Glengyle Street

Mrs. J. F. Winkler, 3034 North Halsted Street.

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If this should happen to be read by one who is not a subscriber to the Liberal would you not become a subscriber? The Liberal is our only medium for keeping in touch with the church during the vacation period. By sending $1.25 to Mrs. Harrison at the church office, 941 Lawrence Ave., Chicago you will receive 12 numbers published during the year. Each issue will contain a sermon by Dr. Bradley which has delivered from the pulpit of the church. If you are a subscriber why not send the Liberal to a friend?

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Dr. Bradley kept the following engagements during the month of April:

1—Luncheon. Liberal Ministers' Association
1—Dinner. Laymen's League
1—Faculty Meeting. Church School
2—Address. Dale Sheets Company
3—Address. Portage Park Woman's Club
4—Address. Carl Schurz High School
5—Address. Monticello, Ind.
7—Sermon. Peoples Church
8—Meeting. Trustees, Chicago Public Library
8—Meeting. Trustees, Peoples Church
9—Address. Forest Park, Ill.
10—Address. Huntington, Ind.
11—Address. Englewood I. W. L. A.
12—Address. King Oscar A. F. and A. M.
13—Meeting. Northwestern University
14—Sermon. Peoples Church
14—Meeting. Thornton Wilder
15—Meeting. Liberal Ministers' Association
15—Address. Milwaukee, Wis.
16—Address. Anoka Club
17—Uptown Players
19—Address. Chicago Credit Men's Ass'n.
21—Sermon. Peoples Church

22—Address. Woman's Club Peoples Church
22—Meeting. Laymen's League
23—Address. Fenton, Mich.
28—Sermon. Peoples Church
28—Address. Young Peoples Club
29—Address. Gary, Ind.
30—Meeting. Friends of American Writers.

### Funerals

April 2—Sidney C. Miller. Interment, Forest Home
April 20—Mrs. K. H. Griffin. Interment. Rosehill
April 29—Martha Virginia Whitlock. Interment. Mount Hope
April 20—Herman Brandan. Interment. Montrose.

### Weddings

April 3—Niels E. Corydon and Bernice Ozorek
April 13—James R. Mendenhall and Violet C. Stromberg
April 16—Borris J. Sherman and Sarra Ann Schweich.
April 16—Max Leser and Elsie Egelhop
April 18—Ross P. Spicher and Lillian Barbara Atzbaugh
April 20—J. Arthur Clark and Betty J. Swenson
April 20—Paul J. Schrader and Irma T. Schiebe
April 27—Walter Edward Carlson and Bernice A. Chambers
April 27—George S. Cullen and Mae Peterson
April 27—Garland Grange and Eleanor M. Kauer
April 28—George Armanda and Flora J. O'Brien.

## THE DEEPER STREAM OF STUDENT THOUGHT

In every conversation, in class or out of class, one can detect men whose lives are in a process of realignment, whose thoughts are confused, whose convictions are shaken, and whose aspirations and ideals are in a hazy mist. One sees men on every hand who have lost their sense of relative values in life, and who are unknowingly drifting, like a ship with a broken rudder, subject to all the external influences that play upon them. These men's lives are in a process of formation. Any day may determine which direction each life will take.

Here is a student who has had a few unfortunate experiences, and has lost his faith in man and humanity. Here is one who has had revealed to him some of the folly and ignorance still in the world, and has adopted a cynical evaluation of life. Here is one who is convinced that all men are inherently bad and are only good through necessity. Here is one who has lost his appreciation of beauty and the joy of life and sees nothing but ugliness and misery. Here is one who is drifting steadily to the conviction that life is meaningless and that the universe at heart is a vast mechanism and nothing more. Here is one who has decided that Jesus was wrong and that love is not the best policy in life, but only the temporay ethics of a half-mad carpenter. These are some of the outcomes of the struggles in the deeper stream.

Let us never forget that our business is to offer to these students a view of life that will inspire them to dedicate their lives to the highest values. We believe passionately that the universe is not a cold, lifeless mechanism, but at heart a power symbolized by our term of "Father" which has led humanity from star-dust to Jesus and Socrates, and is best characterized, not by the atoms in the rock, but the values that have been produced-Truth, Beauty and Goodness. Without a faith in the reality of these values, life loses its inspiration and purpose. With a faith in these values life takes on the role of a consecration to them.—H. S.

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The men who try to do something and fail are infinitely better than those who try to do nothing and succeed.—
Lloyd Jones.

## THE WOMAN'S CLUB

With the meeting May sixth the Woman's Club closed their program for the season.

The meeting was held in Preston Bradley Hall at 2:30 in the afternoon and was attended by a large number of members and not a few guests. Mrs. Preston Bradley gave a talk using as her subject "Stratford and Across the Fields to Shottery." Mrs. Bradley endeavored to carry her audience through the quaint streets of Stratford-on-Avon, helping them to see through her eyes this most interesting and romantic town in all England, which she with Dr. Bradley visited summer before last. Numerous pictures and cards of the places she described were passed around, and illustrated in her "c h a t t y" talk. A number was given to each person present, at the close of the lecture a drawing was made, and the one holding the winning number was presented with a small package which when opened disclosed a silver thimble with the name of Ann Hathaway on the border.

This Mrs. Bradley had purchased in Stratford. The social hour following the program closed in a delightful way the last meeting —Tea, most delectable sandwiches, and cake were served, and everyone visited till a late hour. An affair not scheduled in the Club year book was arranged for May 28th in the evening when a number of the Club members and Church friends brought their husbands to Channing Hall for a May Basket Party. The baskets highly decorated and inviting were accompanied by a photograph of the owner taken "way back when."—Both basket and picture had to be considered when the lunch baskets were auctioned and bid for by the men present! Old fashioned games were played and everybody had such a good time that a May Basket Party will be on the calendar for next year beyond a doubt.

## PULPIT MEMORIAL FLOWERS

For the past two years the flowers which have beautified the pulpit platform on Sunday mornings have been given by friends and members of the church as expressions of appreciation or in memory of loved ones. This custom has become a fixed one in the church and will continue this year. From the beginning Mrs. Georgia Russell has been chairman of this committee and has given loyal service. Will those who plan to give flowers for the services this year get in touch with Mrs. Russell? Her address is 5025 Winthrop Ave., and her telephone is Sunnyside 6610.

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A trained kindergarten teacher is employed by the church to look after the children during the time of the church service. Parents are invited to bring their children to the Library Room just east of Channing Hall where the teacher will receive them. The Kindergarten Department is in session from 9:30 to 12:30 every Sunday.

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The Peoples Church desires to be a serving and helpful church. If you know of any cases of sickness, distress, or trouble where you think the attention of the pastor would help kindly call the church office. All engagements for the naming service, weddings, funerals or any other engagements must be made direct with the church office. The church office is open every day during business hours. It is closed on Saturday at noon. The telephone is Longbeach 6878. Mrs. Harrison, the secretary, will be glad to give information or attend to all engagements.

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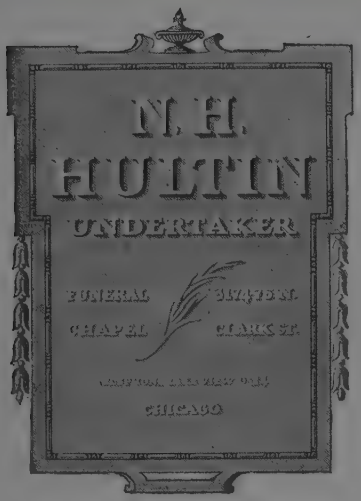


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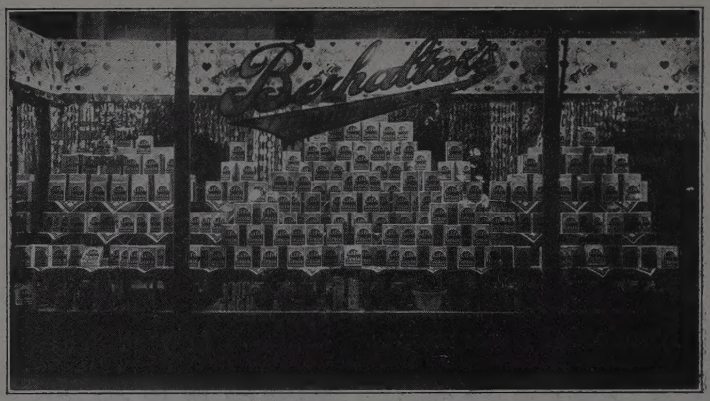


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